

# The Weekly Museum.

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[NUMB. 404.]

## LAVINIA AND LOTHARIO.

A FRAGMENT.

—“HAPLESS Lavinia!” exclaimed Benvolio, as he passed the grave of that injured fair. “That once lovely form, so late our admiration is now no more! Lodged in the dreary mansions of the dead, it sleeps secure from ill; and, in the icy arms of death, finds refuge from the violence of her cruel spoiler, man. Oft have I seen the blooming maid just risen from her downy pillow, with cheeks that flamed the crimson dye of morn, and eyes whose lustre soiled even the dew-drop glistening at sun-rise on the hawthorn spray: yes, oft have I seen her, with unsuspecting thought, hastening to meet the gay the lively, false Lothario; and often, too, with jealous eye, I have beheld the base seducer clasp the lovely girl in all the rapture of unfeigned love, and heard his tongue with flattering arts proclaim the purity of his heart; a heart that, while it adoration feigned, concealed the base design of robbing the innocent of her soul’s rich treasure—her virtue!”

Some nine moons now had waned, when envious Time proclaimed her lover’s faith and her own disgrace. In vain she claimed the promise of redress; the ruthless spoiler views her with un pitying eye, and loathes that beauty, which had fixed his soul to seek its ruin. A niggard, paltry boon, was all the hardened wretch would offer: save the harsh charge, the cruel, barbarous charge, of never seeing him again.

Grief, and a sense of honest indignation, suppressed the power of speech; and, turning from her base seducer, and his wretched profligate, she sought, with slow and melancholy step, the mansion of her aged sire; bedewing her wan cheeks with the tears of sweet repentance—the sweetest offering to indulgent Heaven.

The good old man beheld afar his child’s approach; and, with a parental fondness, hastened to afford a grateful welcome. Lavinia shunned his kind embrace; and, falling on her knees, exclaimed—“O! let not this sad, guilty form, pollute thy honest arms. Behold, thou injured parent, behold the wretch, whose crime has fixed a stain upon my fame, which contrition the most severe can never wipe away. Lothario, the base, designing, false Lothario, in whom my credulous heart, and thy unsuspecting soul, had placed such unbounded confidence, has ill repaid thy friendship, and my faithful love. My virtue and my honor are fallen sad victims to his seeming truth. Even now I left the perjured wretch; who, with a heart steeled against my sorrow, and deaf to my complaints, has spurned me from him, like a loathsome weed, and charged me never to behold him more. My tottering limbs have sadly borne me hither; alas it is the last sad office I shall enquire of them. My beating heart forebodes. I cannot long survive; I came but to implore thy fatherly forgiveness, and then to close my sorrows in the friendly grave.” Here Nature stopped her course, and lifeless at his feet the injured beauty fell.

“Nay, rather,” said Amaldo, stooping to raise her from the ground, “let me ask of thee for-

giveness—I, who am the wretched cause of all thy sufferings! Had I, Lavinia, watched thee with a parent’s care, thou hadst still escaped this evil, and we had then been blest. Look up, Lavinia, and seal my pardon ere thou diest. It is in vain I ask; the pulse of life has ceased, and with it all her sorrow. Curse on the false Lothario! May angry Heaven pour down its fiercest vengeance on his guilty head! Would it were my lot, to be the instrument of its wrath! But Nature’s powers are languid all; my feeble spirits give warning of approaching dissolution. I come, Lavinia, my child! my darling, injured child! I come to join thee in the cold embrace of death!” Then falling on the just expired fair, the venerable Amaldo breathed his last.

Oft, by lonely contemplation led, the generous Benvolio sought their peaceful graves, and watered the turf that covered their remains with many a tear of sympathy and love.

## LOTHARIO’S FALL.

—What time the sun’s declining beams had tinged with gold the western sky, and Philomel’s melodious strains had sung a requiem to departed day, Benvolio sought the lonely grove, to indulge his soul’s sad melancholy, and mourn Lavinia’s wretched fate; for he had loved the beautiful maid, ere false Lothario beguiled her easy heart. Modesty and diffidence, the safe attendants on sincere affection, suppressed too long the mention of his love. Lothario, the handsome, gay Lothario, stepped before him, and bore off triumphantly the envied prize. Too generous to disturb the seeming bliss, he strove to check the ardour of his flame, and bore his pain concealed. Yet still he loved the maid; and oft he crept behind the hawthorn thicket, or the woodbine’s shade, to view the blooming fair.

The grove now reached, from either bank, that teemed with Nature’s richest gifts, the gentle youth each fairer floweret culled, sweet emblems of Lavinia’s charms, and wove a chaplet to adorn her urn; which, as he twined, he bedewed with the tears of sad remembrance: then hastened to the spot where slept the idol of his soul in Death’s cold slumbers, blessed with undisturbed repose.

The distant landscape glimmered beneath the Moon’s pale orb, and Night had over the world her dusky mantle thrown. It was silent all; save where the stately pines waved their towering heads in gentle whispers to the passing gale, or where the bubbling stream, winding its lonely current through the vale sent forth soft murmur’s to the watchful Moon, when at Lavinia’s tomb Benvolio kneeled, to grace with Love’s fond rites her daisy-turfed grave.

“Sweet flower,” said he, “with whose beauty these collective charms of nature could but faintly vie, cropt by an untimely hand, ere thou perfection’s height had reached, accept this latest gift of love; and if thy departed spirit can view me from the realms of bliss, look down with pity on Benvolio’s sufferings, who loved thee living with unabated ardour, and who still cherishes thy memory with increasing fondness look down, fair saint, and hear Benvolio’s vows!

—By yon fair Heaven, and all its starry host, I swear, thus kneeling swear, to avenge thy sufferings, and bring to shame the author of the wrongs, the false, detestable, perjured— But hold, what unwelcome footsteps this way bend, to intercept my love’s unfinished rites?”

“Say, what is he, who at this late hour disturbs with unavailing grief the quiet of the dead?” exclaimed Lothario, as he approached the tomb.

“Lothario, by all my hopes of revenge!” said Benvolio. “What mischief-working fiend,” he cried, “has conjured up the false Lothario’s hated form?—Comes he to triumph over his spoil, or to mourn the fate, the wretched fate, of poor Lavinia?—Wouldst thou, perjured wretch, expiate thy crime! here, on the injured fair-one’s tomb, yield up thy life! Offended justice claims it, and Lavinia’s wrongs cry aloud for vengeance.”

“Thy rage, Benvolio,” returned Lothario, “favours of madness, and therefore I hold it prudent to avoid thee. Some future time, when thy spirits shall have gained their wonted calmness, we will discourse this theme. Till then, farewell!”

“Hold, Sir,” said Benvolio; “this is but a mean shift to avoid my chastisement. The injuries of the fair Lavinia have indeed disturbed my quiet, but not impaired my senses. Come, Sir, if thou hast courage, draw thy sword—Nay, you stir not, till I am answered. What! has thy guilt made thee coward as well as villain?”

“Villain!” exclaimed the haughty Lothario; “another such a word, and my rage will mount beyond the power of reason, and dash thee, base slave, headlong to thy kindred earth!”

“If,” returned Benvolio, “in the vocabulary of human knowledge there was imprinted an epithet more hateful, I would give it thee; for thou art doubly a villain, coward, traitor, that basely triumphed over ungarded innocence!”

“I will hear no more,” said Lothario. “This at thy heart,” drawing his sword, and thrusting at Benvolio.

“And this at thine,” returned Benvolio, “for Lavinia’s wrongs.”

Lothario fell; and with him fell the generous, brave Benvolio. Such was Fate’s decree! Lothario groaned with the agonizing torments of instant dissolution. Benvolio survived him but a short time: some friendly hand had borne him home; where, after repeating the melancholy tale, forgetting the pangs of death in the pleasing hope of being shortly united with his loved Lavinia, he gently breathed his last.—

“Then crack’d the cordage of a noble heart,  
And choirs of angels sung him to his rest.”

SHAKESPEARE.

M A X I M.

INTREPIDITY is an extraordinary strength of soul, that renders it superior to the trouble, disorder, and emotion, which the appearance of danger is apt to excite. By this quality heroes maintain their tranquillity, and preserve the free use of their reason, in the most surprising and dreadful accidents.

## COMPLICATED CALAMITY.

### A FACT.

I know not the man, but I well knew one who did, whose unhappy fate this little narrative involves. Let not the vulgarity of some circumstances with which it was attended, offend the votaries of excessive refinement. If it be no pleasing picture of nature, it is a faithful delineation of fact; and little did he, who was doomed to experience the humiliating distress, once suppose it probable that such would have been his own hard lot.

His name is unimportant; and his profession, which was that of a surveyor, may be no otherwise necessary, than to demonstrate that he had been a man not destitute of education. He was, indeed, as a professional character, eminent only for a respectable line of business, and the just reputation of most incorruptible probity. He was of a bold masculine character; his passions were strong; his manners were rough; and his anger was quickly kindled at the slightest imputation of dishonour.

The acquaintance with my friend, who was also a surveyor, originated from their having been both employed to measure and value certain newly-erected premises. He had been represented as an unaccommodating austere, and disagreeable opponent; and my friend met with such prejudices as a character of that nature might be supposed to inspire. To his utter astonishment, he found him the most fair and just antagonist he had ever encountered!

They went through the business, which was considerable, without a single difference of opinion; and, at the conclusion, having agreed to spend a few hours together, my friend ventured to mention how pleasingly he had been disappointed finding so much difference between his real and his reputed character. He had been prepared to expect a series of disputes, wranglings, and quarrels, which were to end naturally in disgust; and he had found the whole one unbroken chain of harmony, which he declared, in the fulness of his heart, had finished by inspiring him with and esteem, respect, and friendship, that could only terminate with his life!

Our surveyor was not expert at compliments. He had, he replied, always endeavoured to do his duty: and could only account for the perpetual quarrels in which he was confessedly engaged with many other surveyors, from the scandalous advantages which they were desirous to take of the important trust reposed in them by the parties, and which no consideration of individual emolument could ever induce him to connive at. On these occasions his natural impetuosity of temper might, he acknowledged, carry him to unwarrantable lengths: but he had seen such shocking villainies perpetrated by their unprincipled brethren, that he was unable to restrain his anger when he was invited to become an instrument for increasing the number of those enormities.

From this period, a strict league of amity took place between our two surveyors, which continued uninterrupted for some years: and never was there a more cheerful and agreeable companion than my friend experienced this misrepresented man to be; who was, in truth, an affectionate and tender husband, a most kind and indulgent father, and a truly sincere and disinterested friend.

It happened at length, that my friend, who had for some time been absent on business in the country, called on his return to town in the usual unceremonious way; and found, to his astonishment, a deep melancholy depicted on the visage of this commonly most cheerful and worthy man. There is an undefinable sublimity in grief, when it bursts from a manly heart; and, as the answer which followed the kind enquiries made after the family, was a suppressed sigh of the most acute anguish, accompanied by a copious but involuntary effusion of tears, my friend was petrified with horror, and his frame felt instantly the rigidity of a statue. Scarcely could he breathe, and speech was impracticable.

"O my friend!" said the distressed man, the first moment he could recollect himself; "there is my poor wife!" opening the door of an inner apartment with one hand, as the other concealed the flood which was overwhelming his manly and averted face, where a coffin immediately met the eye—"she is dead of a broken heart!"

"And what, for Heaven's sake! could have occasioned this dreadful calamity?"

"The fate of our unhappy son!"

"Alas! what of him?"

"He was condemned to suffer a shameful and ignominious death. The poor youth was executed yesterday; and, in a few hours afterwards, his unhappy mother breathed out her pure spirit! Of what stubborn materials am I composed, not instantly to follow my beloved family; for, O my friend! my boy was innocent of the

crime for which he suffered! He had imprudently, one evening, got into company with strangers, and agreed to go with them on an excursion a few miles out of town. They were notorious thieves. A robbery and murder was committed by some of them, while he was at a distance; and, a hardened malefactor being admitted evidence, saved his own life by the sacrifice of our unoffending child!"

My friend endeavoured to administer consolation, in vain! The unhappy man lingered, in a melancholy state, for a few months; and then followed the dear, devoted victims, to those realms, where alone there is never any perversion of justice, any oppression of innocence, or any benefit to be derived from guilt.



## A CARD--AND THE REPLY TO IT.

About ten or twelve years ago, some robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days after, the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser.

### A CARD.

"MR. R\*\*\*\*\*, of Stanhope-street presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking fundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. IN THEIR HASTE they took away the tankard, they are heartily welcome to that; and the table spoons, and to the light guineas, which were in an old red morocco pocket book, they are also HEARTILY WELCOME; but in the said pocket-book, there were several loose papers, which, consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes, and trusts, they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way can be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser, and is with due respect theirs, &c."

"W. R."

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house containing the book and papers, with this apologetical epistle.

### SIR,

YOU are quite a GEMMAN. Your masonry we be's not use to, and it got into our upper-works, or we would never have cribb'd your papers. They be all marched back again with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, & the tankard & spoons were made into a WHITE SOUP, in Duke's place, two hour before day lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a BROWN GRAVY, and the CUTS are new CHRISTENED and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been TRANSPORTED, you should have had 'em agen; for you are quite a GEMMAN, but you know, as they have been christened and got a new name, they would no longer be of your OLD family. And soe, Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obliged to you, and shall be glad to serve you by night or by day, and are yours till death.

A. B. & C.



## THE DIVORCE.

A Few days since, (says one of the last Paris papers) a married couple determined on being divorced; but not being able to agree with respect to the disposal of the children, they referred the dispute to an aunt, to settle. "We have three children," said the husband; "I insist on keeping two; the third shall be left to the care of its mother." "But I," said the latter, "have a right to two; the care of one will be more than sufficient for you." "There is no way of settling this dispute," said the aunt in a tone of the utmost gravity, "but by setting about to make immediately a fourth child." This decision produced a laugh--and restored good humour. The contending parties embraced, and the idea of a divorce was forgotten.



## A NECDOTE.

A Notorious miser having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed, "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of Alms; I have almost a mind to *do*!"

## EASTER ANTHEM.

WHEN Israel's Psalmist felt the fire,  
That Israel's God was wont inspire,  
Within his dutious breast;  
The royal lyrist tun'd his lays,  
And in the noblest themes of praise,  
His gratitude express'd.

Israel in bondage, first, with grief,  
He sung, and hopeless of relief;  
But quickly chang'd the strain:  
And, as he sung, he God ador'd;  
For, lo! he sung, a land restor'd  
To liberty again!

But when he sung the boon divine,  
"The throne secur'd to Judah's line,"  
How on the strain he hung!  
Till rapture swell'd his bosom high,  
While gratitude suffus'd his eye,  
And check'd his falt'ring tongue.

Such joy no selfish motive mov'd,  
In him, whom God so much approv'd;  
For well he understood--  
From Judah's race, with time's increase,  
An HEIR should rise--that PRINCE of PEACE!  
Who bought us with his blood.

If David could such joy display,  
Reflecting on that glorious day  
He vainly wish'd to know;  
Bless'd with that day's all-saving fight,  
From us what accents of delight,  
What ceaseless strains should flow!

Oh! catch the lyre, and wake the string;  
A bounteous God with David sing,  
To death, for us a prey;  
And every voice in concert rise,  
With grateful rapture rend the skies,  
Nor let the theme decay.



## SOCIAL EVENINGS.

BY MR. HARRISON.

I Love not at the peep of day,  
To chase, with dogs, a timid prey;  
My heart is rather prone to spare,  
The stately stag, the harmless hare:  
For, with a faithful, gen'rous friend,  
I would my Social Evenings spend.

Lur'd by the cheerful Noontide-heat,  
When insects quit their lone retreat;  
I would not that a worm should dread  
The ruin of my heedless tread:  
For, with a faithful, gen'rous friend,  
I would my Social Evenings spend.

Thus, when Night draws her curtain round,  
May I be ne'r with maniacs found;  
Who, to forget their giddy day,  
Must wash reflection all away!  
For, with a faithful, gen'rous friend,  
Would I my Social Evenings spend.



## FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### ON A LADY, SLEEPING.

WHEN, for the world's repose, my Cælia sleeps,  
See, Cupid hovers o'er the maid, and weeps,  
Well may'st thou weep, fond boy; thy power dies;  
Thou hast no darts, when Cælia has no eyes.  
March 23. ADOLPHUS.



### ENIGMIE.

J'E donne en dix a deviner  
Au plus expert en ce manège,  
Un champ qu'on ne peut moissonner  
Qu'alors qu'il est couvert de neige.  
[A translation, and solution is requested.]

SATURDAY, March 26, 1796.

FROM the the last advices, (Feb. 18) the desirable event of a Peace in Europe was left remotely in view; or, at least rendered doubtful by those circumstances and advices, which had succeeded to the accounts of a "Preliminary Convention for Peace" said to have been received in London on the 11th February. On that day, a London paper says, "Early this morning we received, by express, Paris papers to the 10th inst, inclusive, an instance of dispatch which has never been equalled!" "That of the 10th is most particularly important, as containing a message from the Executive Directory, with a Preliminary Convention for Peace, &c." The paper containing this intelligence was afterwards found (as might have been expected, when said to have been received in one day from Paris) to be a forgery--- and a reward of 2000l. offered for the persons concerned therein. The Armistice, it will be recollected, was only between the advanced posts of the Armies, and was agreed to in December. Accounts in February (near two months afterwards) give the proceedings of the Diet of Ratisbon. The preparations making in Spain---and the revived armaments of neutral powers; circumstances which, at least, do not shew that peace was looked on, as, in a great degree, probable.

The emperor has taken possession of the treasury of the Elect. Palatine, for the purpose of defraying the expences which his Majesty has incurred in the re-capture of Mannheim, and supplying it with provisions, &c. His authority for this act appears to be doubted; as having, in equity, no other power but what is invested in him, as head of the empire, by the German Diet.

The truce between the Austrians and French, it appears is indefinite with respect to its duration, and may be terminated by either party on ten days notice.

General Sir Henry Clinton died in England on the 24th of December last.

An American gentleman at Falmouth writes his friend in this city, under date of January 2, that the ship Hercules, it was reported, was on shore, and lost---The crew escaped. It was reported to be in consequence of wrong information from a privateer which left the land the day before. It being foggy, the Capt. relied solely on the information, and steered his course accordingly, and found himself on the shoals. She was from New-York---a large ship.

#### CAUTION.

Extract of a letter from Baltimore, March 18.  
"We have just discovered a set of villains who have been COINING Dollars and Half Joes; a considerable sum of which are now in circulation, and may have reached your city. It would be well to caution your banks and the public---the money is well imitated."

LONDON, February 17.

A Hamburg mail arrived this morning. The following are most important articles of intelligence, which it brings:

HAGUE, Feb. 2.

Yesterday a deputation arrived here from Friesland, which gave a formal consent to the calling of a National Convention; there is therefore now no province which refuses but Zealand, and that province is expected to accede in the course of the week.

It is uncertain whether the Convention will meet on the 18th, as the time appears to be too short to make the necessary preparations in the provinces which have so long refused their consent.

Great disturbances have taken place at Leuwarden, in consequence of the Representatives of Friesland having arrested some members of the Municipality of Leuwarden; the people rose, set them at liberty, and compelled the Representatives to restore them to their offices.

ITALY, Jan. 25.

A civil war seems on the point of breaking out in Sardinia. Great disturbances have broken out at Sassari, which town has declared it will be no longer dependent on the government of Cagliari. They refuse to pay taxes: and a strong body of malcontents have plundered several places in the vicinity of Sassari. The insurgents do not wish to abolish the legal power, but merely to effect a change in the administration.

VIENNA Jan. 30.

This day a courier arrived here with the ratification of the treaty of triple alliance and brought at the same time dispatches to the Russian envoy, the contents of which supposed to have been important, as he immediately had

an audience of the Emperor, after which a courier was immediately dispatched to London. The hope of peace seems now to be vanished, and it is generally believed that the war in consequence of the triple alliance, will be renewed with redoubled vigour.

Troops are continually marching from Bohemia and Austria, for Italy, and more are under orders.

MENTZ, Dec. 29.

It is asserted that a negotiation for Peace, between the Emperor and France, is already in a state of forwardness.

The first of the Hamburg Mails arrived yesterday: the second, this morning. They bring an account of the Emperor having ratified the Armistice. The ratification, according to letters from Frankfurt, arrived at the headquarters at Kreutznah, on the 1st inst.

The Vienna letters express hopes of a speedy Peace; but they affirm that the Emperor will insist on the status quo; that he will never consent to the cession of the Netherlands; and that Sardinia will not abandon Savoy and Nice to the French Republic. If the Emperor and Sardinia persist in these terms, the prospect of Peace is, unfortunately for suffering humanity, at a distance remote indeed.

FRANKFORT, January 4.

All that we have hitherto said relative to a suspension of arms, in truth, is fully confirmed. The articles which had been proposed and definitively agreed to, only waited for the supreme sanction. A courier who arrived on the 31st December from Vienna, at the head quarters at Kreutznah, brought this sanction. The Armistice relates, on one part, to the armies under their excellencies the Marshals Counts Clairfayt and Wurmler; and, on the other, the armies commanded by the Generals in chief, Pichegru and Jourdain. Although hostilities had entirely ceased before the 1st inst. the armistice did not begin until this epoch; its duration is unlimited, as we have already said, and either party must give the other ten days notice, previous to recommencing hostilities.

The arrangement for the cessation of arms is to take place from the 1st of January. It originated in an accidental conversation between Gen. Kray and some French officers of the advanced posts, who lament the useless waste of lives, occasioned by the continual skirmishes between the out posts, and expressed a wish that they might be put an end to. The General expressed a similar wish; and a formal proposal from the French Generals for a cessation of arms soon followed.

VIENNA, December 31.

Since the arrival of a courier from London, who brought the news of the King of Great Britain's message to the parliament, in which he declares the present French government capable of being negotiated with, our hopes of peace have greatly increased. At the same time it must be confessed, the difficulties which oppose the conclusion of peace are very great.

Our hopes of peace are somewhat increased. It is, however, confidently affirmed that a peace will be accorded to on no other conditions than the restoration of STATUS quo. Austria will never consent to give up the Netherlands, nor will Sardinia, Savoy, and the county of Nice.

Should the expected peace not be concluded, it is said, that our court is promised very powerful aid from Russia in the ensuing spring. England has likewise promised new supplies of money for our army on the Rhine.

PARIS, December 30.

The intelligence of a suspension of hostilities upon the Rhine, between the French and Austrian armies, is confirmed.

Louvet, who a few days ago stated, that Barthelemi had been recalled, has declared today, that the intelligence is not true. So much the better, if there remains any hopes of peace this winter, there is no person more proper to accelerate it than Barthelemi, who enjoys throughout Europe the highest character.

January 1.

The report of the death of the Empress of Russia, is still in circulation. Our readers will judge of its credibility by the following letter, addressed by Citizen Beaupol, on the 28th December, to the minister for foreign affairs:

"I this moment learn, that the news I announced to you yesterday, arrived in a circular letter, dated Berlin, Dec. 17, and addressed to Citizen Banli, merchant in the street des Moulins. He supposes that several merchants of Paris have received it. The letter states that an estafette, just arrived from Dantzic, brought the news of the death of the Empress of Russia.

## MUSEUM.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

[NUMB. 405.

cure the conquest which her vanity proposed. The politeness and attention of his lordship were construed into affection; and that livid paleness which marked the countenance, and that extreme languor which pervaded the debilitated form of

T H E A T R E.

This Evening, will be presented, A TRAGEDY, called

JANE SHORE.

Hallings,	Mr Hallam,
Gloster,	Mr King,
Belmour,	Mr Tyler,
Ratcliff,	Mr Woolls,
Catsby,	Mr Cleveland,
Derby,	Mr Johnson,
And, Dumont,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Alicia,	Mrs Melmoth,
And, Jane Shore,	Mrs Johnson.

To which will be added a PASTORAL PANTOMIME, (never performed here) called, The

WHIMS OF GALATEA:

OR, THE POWER OF LOVE.

Composed by M. Francisquy.

With new music, and scenery painted by Mr. Jefferon.

Damon,	Mr Francisquy,
Dorilis,	Mr Jefferon,
Alexis,	Mr Durang,
Strephon,	Mr Munto,
Palemon,	Mr Leonard,
Dametas,	Mr M'Knight,
And, Cupid,	Master Stockwell,
Silvia,	Mrs Cleveland,
Phyllis,	Miss Brett,
Laura,	Mrs Munto,
Pastora,	Mrs Tompkins,
Phyllida,	Mrs Durang,
And, Galatea,	Madame Gardie.

To conclude with an elegant Garland Dance in the BOWER of LOVE.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

ELEGANT

India Book Muslins, & Handkerchiefs,

Equal to any ever imported in this city,

just received, and selling by

WILMOT HOWELL, & Co.

March 26, 1796,

04 4t

WANTED TO PURCHASE, OR HIRE,

FOR a term of years, a Negro Man. that can be well recommended for honesty and sobriety---Enquire of the Printer, or at No. 1, Division-street. 04---3t

WANTED,

A Child to nurse, by a person who has a new breast of milk, and who will pay every attention to the child. None need apply unless of a reputable character---Enquire of the Printer. 4---1t.

PRINTING PAPER.

Twenty-five Reams, large Demy, for sale, cheap for cash. Also, 30 Reams

Blue wrapping paper, suitable for Tobacconists, and Chocolate makers---And,

Childrens Books,

Of every description, by the Groce, Dozen, or Single, just received from London, and for sale at

J. HARRISSON's Printing Office, Book and Stationary Store, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

## COMPLICATED CALAMITY.

A FACT.

I know not the man, but I well knew one who did, whose unhappy fate this little narrative involves. Let not the vulgarity of some circumstances with which it was attended, offend the votaries of excessive refinement. If there be no pleasing picture of nature, it is a faithful delineation of fact; and little did he, who was doomed to experience the humiliating distress, once suppose it probable that such would have been his own hat & lot.

His name is unimportant; and his profession, which was that of a surveyor, may be otherwise necessary, than to demonstrate that he had been a man not destitute of education. He was, indeed, as a professional character, eminent only for a respectable line of business, and the just reputation of most incorruptible probity. He was of a bold masculine character; his passions were strong; his manners were rough; and his anger was quickly kindled at the slightest imputation of dishonour.

The acquaintance with my friend, who was also a fur-

And orphan's oft it's aid receive.

Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram, sweet;

The daisy, pied, the snow-drop, fair;

I cry through every lane and street:

But now my cry's "Sweet Lavender."

Four, &c.

Oft pitying hearts to hear me hie,

With thanks is ta'en the smallest aid;

And gratitude calls forth a sigh,

From your poor little orphan maid.

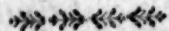
Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram, sweet,

The daisy, pied, the snow-drop, fair;

I cry through every lane and street:

But now my cry's "Sweet Lavender."

Four, &c.



## SOLILOQUY OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

BUT must Louisa then--our tender babes--

Must they untimely sink into the grave?

Must all the victims of a fate so sore,

The world will nothing give but barren frowns;

What then remains?--There stands the wretched hut;

I dare not enter--Heaven befriend them all!

What then remains?--The night steals on apace;

The sick moon labours through the mixing clouds--

Yes--that were all--O dire necessity--

It must be so--despair do what thou wilt!

I faint with fear,

With terror, and fatigue. The forest's gloom

Suits well the sad disorder of my soul.

The passing owl shrieks horrible her wail;

And conscience broods o'er her prophetic note.

Eight springs the hare upon the withered leaf;

The rabbit frolics--and the guilty mind

Starts at the sound as at a giant's tread!

Ah me! I hear the horse upon the road!

Forgive me Providence--forgive me man--

I tremble through the heart. The clatt'ring hoof

Re-echoes through the wood--the moon appears,

And lights me to my prey--

Stop traveller!



## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

L O S T.

THE WAIST of the subscriber, sometime about the latter end of last summer: it is supposed to have been frightened away by an odious gypsy called FASHION. The fugitive is tolerably taper, and particularly deficient in amiable proportions. I confess it is so long since I have seen one, that I believe I have ceased to remember some of its peculiarities. The swain who returns the wanderer, shall have its little throbbing HEART for his pains.

DEIDAMIA SHAPELESS.



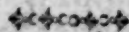
## Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 80, Front-street,

Between the Coffee-House and Old-Slip.

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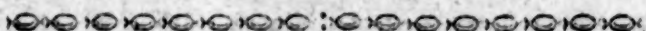
## The Moralist.



E N V Y.

ENVY is so poisonous, so corroding a vice, that when once it has got possession of the heart, it will rankle here, till it has forever eradicated all the generous and just virtues which ought to adorn the soul of a man. The voice of praise, which sounds not the envier's name, will fall on his ear like the dismal toll of a funeral knell; his bosom burns with the desire of notoriety; let but his name attract the eyes of the world, and he cares not by what means--make him but famous, and he will abandon his religion; deride the laws; and, if it were possible, sacrifice his country!

There is no crime, however great, to what Envy is not the primary instigator. It was that accursed vice which swelled the bosom of the Prince of Darkness; and it is that accursed vice, which is the first cause of all the evils which tear mankind in sunder.



## HARDWARE STORE.

THE largest assortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for sale in this city, some of which is a very extra good quality, for sale by, JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-street, near the Fly Market. Also, 1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight of Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. 87 tf.

## FIG BLUE.

Manufactured and Sold at No. 64, Nassau-street.

## MANTUA-MAKING, MILLINERY, AND CLEAR-STARCHING--Likewise, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Linen Made in the Neatest Manner, at No. 39, Ferry-Street.

## Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, the backshop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public that she has received in some of the latest vessels from London, Dress and half dress caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fashions, and a variety of ribbons, black lustrous and satin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove springs, sandal-pattens, &c.

New-York, Dec. 19, 1795.

90 tf.

## Elegant Laces and Edgings.

A Beautiful assortment of white Laces and Edgings, damask and plain table linen, from three to ten quarters wide, superior in patterns and quality to any in this city. Likewise a large assortment of coarse and fine muslins, and a few elegant 4-4 and 5-4 silk shawls. Also, every other article in the Dry Good Line wholesale and retail, by

GEO. R. HENDRICKSON,

March 5. 91 tf

No. 79, Maiden-Lane,

Formerly occupied by Mr. John Kingland.

## Universal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. M'CORMIC, who is the only proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is remarkable for its excellencies in all kinds of fresh wounds, bruises; scalds, burn, sore or gibb'd heels, and even for sore eyes, it being of so innocent a composition as to be used at all times of the year without any kind of danger.

The variety of cures that have been performed with this ointment, can be attested to by many of the most respectable inhabitants of this city.

It is recommended to all families, and particularly to masters of vessels, as it retains its virtues in all climates.

To be sold at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-street, New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s. and 2s. each Great allowance will be made to those who purchase by the quantity. Jan. 9 93--tf.

THE subscriber, intending shortly to decline the Dry Good business, will dispose of his present stock, consisting of a general assortment of Dry Goods, at prime cost; the principal part of which having been purchased at auction, enables him to sell them considerably below the usual prices.

WILLIAM CAVERLY,

No. 102, William-Street.

To let, from the 1st of May next, the Store and Cellar, No 84, Pearl-street, at present occupied by Messrs. Rutgers, Seaman, and Ogden, apply as above. or at No. 126, Pearl street, opposite the New-York Bank.

February 20.

99 tf

## NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of HOLLBROOK and DOMINICK, Comb Manufacturers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All Persons Indebted to the said firm, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having any demands to call on George F. Dominick, who is duly authorized to settle the business.

ABEL HOLLBROOK.

GEORGE F. DOMINICK.

New-York, February 27, 1796.

92-6c.

## FITZSIMONS,

Ladies Hair Dresser, from Liverpool, No 38, Pearl Street between the Museum and White-Hall.

WHERE may be had English Pomatum, of the first quality, just imported--Also, the much approved Odoriferous Marrow, for preserving, thickening, and strengthening the hair. Feb. 29. 90--tf.

R. LOYD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all his branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices, February. 14, 1795.

1 y

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues to carry on the STAY MAKING, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve. Feb. 14, 1796. 3 y

## SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No. 29, Vanderwater-street, near the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her business, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers. New-York, Jan. 16, 1795.

83--tf.

## JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOOD STORE, from No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third house from the south west corner of William-street, where he hopes for a continuance of the favor of his friends, which it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

To be sold and immediate possession given, that very convenient New House, No. 51, Chamber-street, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.

New-York, Jan. 16, 1796.

## Playing Cards,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single Pack, for Sale at this Office

## Elegant and Cheap Prints.

The greatest Variety ever offered for sale in this country.

## Cargo Memorandum Books.

COMPLETELY ruled in columns, for date, mark, No. No. of packages, length, breadth, depth, solid contents, freight, by whom shipped, and to whom consigned, being the most useful book of the kind for Masters of vessels, and sea-faring gentlemen ever made use of--For sale at John Harrison's Book-Store and Printing-Office. Price Half a Dollar. Also,

## Dutch Memorandum Books.